Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beaſt now:
Pal. As thou makſt me, Traytour. (fumes
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and ſhirts, and, per.
Ile come againe ſome two howres hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all,
Pal. A Sword and Armour.
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought;
Pal. Sir ha:
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors daughter.*

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has ſeene my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the ſea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l looſe all els:
Vp with a courſe or two, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle ſhell, and ſayle
By eaſt and North Eaſt to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile ſay never a word.

Sing. *For ile cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,
He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe ſeeke him, throw the world that is ſo wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaſt
Againſt

Againſt. I ſhall ſleepe like a Top cloſe. *Exit.*

Scæna 6. *Enter a Schoole maſter* 4. *Countrymen and* *Baum.* 2. *or* 3 *wenches, with a Taborer.*

Sch Fy, fy, what tediouſity, & diſenſanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labourd ſo long with ye? milkd unto ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of my underſtanding laid upon ye? and do you ſtill cry where, and how, & wherfore? you moſt courſe freeze capacities, ye jave Iudgements, have I ſaide thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man underſtand mee, *proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here ſtand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you cloſe in the Thicket; the Duke appeares, I meete him and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I fling my Cap up; marke there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the *Bore* break comly out before him: like true lovers, caſt your ſelves in a Body decently, and ſweetly, by a figure trace, and turne Boyes.

1. And ſweetly we will doe it Maſter *Gerrold*.
2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.
3. Why *Timothy*.
Tab. Here my mad boyes, have at ye.
Sch. But I ſay where's their women?
4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*. (*Barbery*.
2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and bouncing
1. And freckeled *Nel*; that never faild her Maſter.
Sch. Wher be your Ribands maids? ſwym with your Bodies
And carry it ſweetly, and deliverly
And now and then a ſauour, and a friske.
Nel. Let us alone Sir.
Sch. Wher's the reſt o'th Muſicke.
3. Diſperſd as you commanded.
Sch. Couple then
And ſee what's wanting; wher's the *Bavian*?
My friend, carry your taile without offence
Or ſcandall to the Ladies; and be ſure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood,